

Title: a faded leather journal

Author: Ninveah Saum

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A journal handwritten in an elegant but faded script. It appears to be very old and only the pages towards the end can be read clearly.

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Though necromancy has prolonged my elven life far beyond the natural span.

I have witness the rise and fall of great kingdoms. I watched as the Order moved from Caina to the dark continent, abandoning the ancient home. The dissolution and scattering of the damned.

For a time, there was less balance in the world. The power of Oblivion grew weak, ebbing.

But I have noticed of late that Dark things begin to stir. Rumors circulate about necromancers long-vanished. Words are whispered by the winds in the darkness. Etheng... Dhaemhazraas walks the lands again.

The daemon, known in these lands as Dhae Massirith, formerly of the Order of the Ebon Skull. I have seen the Baazrati myself, her red-tattooed face unmistakable.

I know not if this is a  
harbinger of things to  
come or a sign of the  
end times.

The days grow shorter.  
Winter is upon us.  
I am so cold, so deeply  
cold. Not even the  
warmth of the fire can  
chase away the chill that  
has sunk in around my  
bones.

You cannot fix everything.  
Some choices you have to  
accept. And try to  
rebuild from there.  
I accept what I am. I  
embrace my fate.

There is not much time  
left.

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This is the last entry.  
The remaining pages of  
the journal are empty.

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